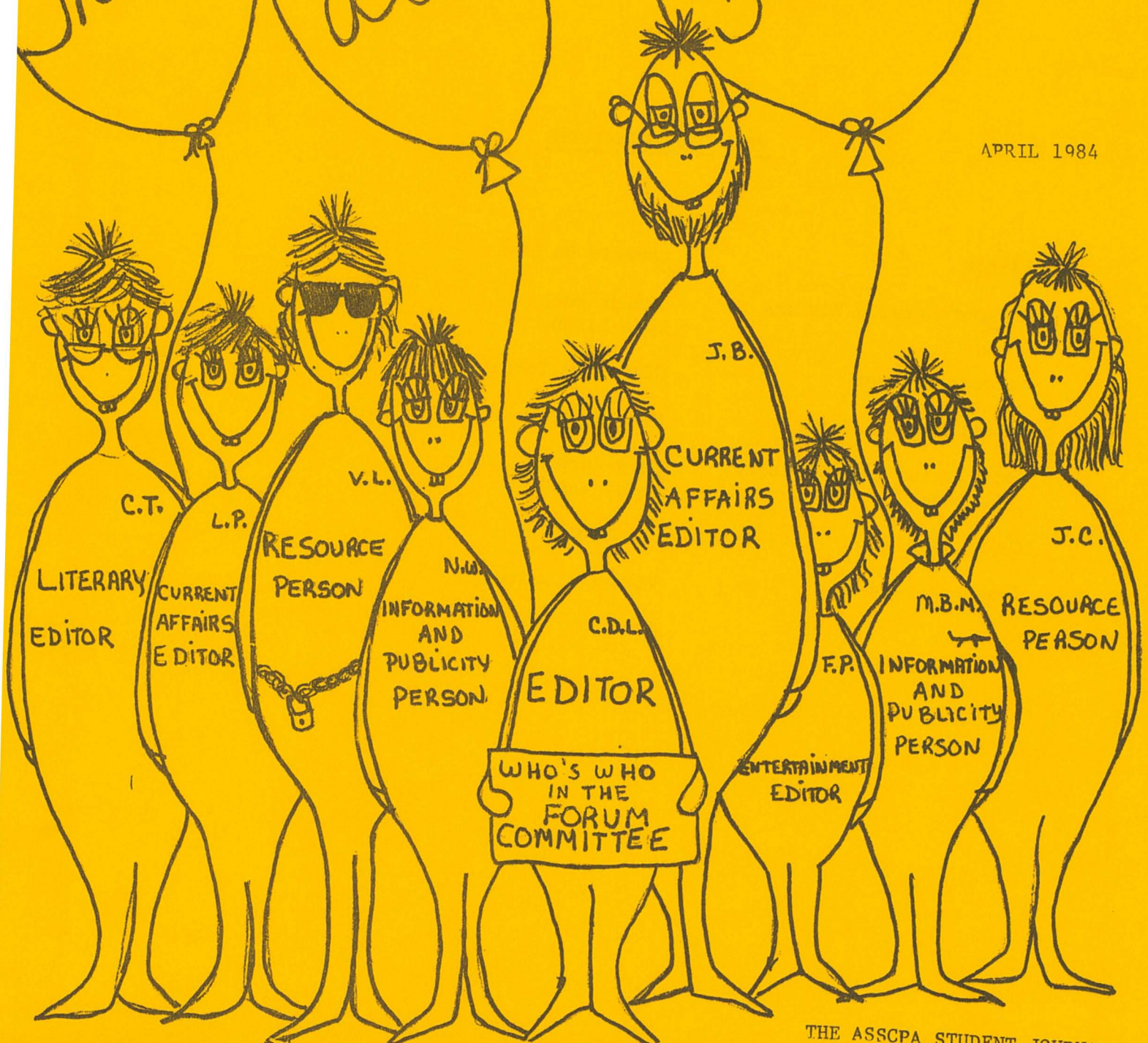


# FORUM

APRIL 1984



THE ASSCPA STUDENT JOURNAL  
CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY



The Forum is the official School of Community and Public Affairs student journal. It welcomes submissions from the students, fellows, associate fellows and the board of advisors of the SCPA.

The Forum Committee reserves the right to accept, reject or modify any submissions to the Forum.

The Forum Committee believes in freedom of the press, but will not accept material that is deemed offensive (i.e. sexist, racist... towards any person(s))

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Throughout the 1983-84 academic year, the Forum has been emphasizing its role as the SCPA's only real tool of communication. As I was putting together this issue of the journal, I noticed that something was missing, that there was something which needed to be said, and yet which no contributor to this issue has mentioned. No one has thanked those people who have worked especially hard within the School this year. It is obvious that some students have done more than their share of work for the SCPA, and a special acknowledgement must go to them.

Darquise and Marianna have done an excellent job in carrying out their duties as co-ministers this year. They have been able to lead without ever having looked as though they were leading. The members of the Executive should be thanked for the time and effort that they have placed in their respective duties for the betterment of the School. Lucie Guimond deserves special mention for her excellent newsletters, and special thanks must go to Linda Hannan for planning our very successful parties and bashes, and Robert Lachance for his involvement in coordinating the Washington trip. And I don't think the SCPA will ever find anyone who can record minutes of meetings as accurately as Claudette Turgeon does.

Mike Sforza and Chantal Ladouceur did a superb job in cleaning up our library, and their concern has not been overlooked. Maria Rosa (Mer) has chaired one of the most successful committees in the SCPA, namely, the Public Affairs Committee, and has been instrumental to the committee's success. Special mention must also go to Allan Feldman for Hyde Park. He organized something which was not entirely successful in terms of its following, yet his intention was clear. He gave students the opportunity to let everyone know what was on their mind. Hyde Park,

much like the Forum, should not be assessed on the basis of student input. They are both invaluable because of what they stand for. And speaking of the Forum, I would like to personally thank every member in the committee for sticking it out to the end.

Special thanks must go to the Fellows of the SCPA, for being more than just professors to us. Eva and Catherine have had the difficult task of dealing with a growing number of students, and their patience has been appreciated. And last but certainly not least, a great big thank you must go to our principal, Katy Bindon. Her job is not an easy one, but she has been able to perform her duties as principal and professor, and has always had time for us when we needed her help. I have seen the School grow over the past three years, and Katy has been the key person responsible for this.

When we entered the School, we knew that we would have to involve ourselves in some way within the School's activities. I think that each one of us has been able to offer something of ourselves and make the SCPA a better place within which to learn. At the same time, each student leaves the SCPA with a special kind of education, an education that can only be obtained with the unique environment, and close contact between professors and students that the SCPA provides.

Carmela De Lisi

Guess Who...

MARIANNA: "Hey la nouille viens ici, il faut que je te parle."

DARQUISE: "Ah! ces importés-là ils ont toujours quelque chose à dire!"

MARIANNA: "Go ask Catherine for her keys to the student office."

DARQUISE: "Caaaatherine de mon coeur..."

CATHERINE: "Quoi encore!"

DARQUISE: "Est-ce que je peux avoir les clés pour le bureau étudiant?"

CATHERINE: "Oublie pas de les ramener, je ne veux pas chercher."

MARIANNA: "Ch God! I swear these stairs kill me, we should get an elevator in here!"

DARQUISE: "Bon, qu'est-ce qu'on a à faire?"

MARIANNA: "Why don't we gossip for five minutes. Just because we are co-ministers doesn't mean we can't have a good chat..."

MARIANNA: "Hey la nouille did you hear Guido on CFMB last night?"

DARQUISE: "Oui, oui je l'ai entendu, comme dirait un de nos célèbres confrères: Yaaaah it was absolutely stupendous!"

MARIANNA: "Stop making fun of people, it's not very nice!"

MARIANNA: "Get a load of this Darquise! Did you happen to watch the Geraldine show last night? Well apparently Geraldine introduced Katie as her good friend from the Maritimes when in fact she is from Toronto. Can you handle it!"

DARQUISE: "Comme dirait notre futur Premier Ministre, chère Geraldine was psyched."

MARIANNA: "Talking about politics, I really think that after CUSA, the SCPA is going to take over on a national scale. DiGrappa is still wishing to be PM and Mostavac is actually serious about following in Trudeau's footsteps...I tell ya, what powerful minds!"

DARQUISE: "Quin! Pis avec Sreur et Musto qui s'énervent avec leurs Conservateurs. Je te le dis Marianne, on aura juste à choisir le portefeuille de notre choix! Ah! pis j'oubliais Larry Cobb, mais lui il lui manque de la méthodologie en politique. Peut-être attend-t-il des cours privés de Mr. Poirier, faudra peut-être qu'il initie son professeur au plaisir des parties de squash!"

MARIANNA: "Darquise, I haven't seen Joe Burke around much. Oh! I know why, he must be in mourning since Marvin Gaye died..."

DARQUISE: "Ben voyons donc! Il me doit trois drinks parce que ses chers Bruins de Boston se sont faits planter en trois parties contre mes Canadiens. Il y a de quoi se cacher... En tout cas si Montréal gagne la Coupe Stanley, Coragio Hannan devra nous organiser tout un party avec beaucoup de vino!"

MARIANNA: "We could always give Hubert the left over  
vinc bottles for his 401 seminar next year.  
Also, I really think that Hubert should get  
a supply of disposable dishes and glasses."

DARQUISE: "Il fera ce qu'il voudra, mais Hubert devrait  
songer à nous trouver des remplaçants pour  
laver sa vaisselle lors de ses soupers. Avec  
les amendements à la Constitution qui ont passé  
tu sais bien Marianne que notre mandat finit en  
mars."

MARIANNA: "O.K. Darquise arrête de niaiser, like you said  
our term is soon over and we still have a lot  
to do, but adesso cio fame..."

DARQUISE: "Ah! Non tu n'as pas encore faim? Quelles sortes  
tes sandwiches aujourd'hui? Patates, sauce et  
veau, cu piments forts?"

MARIANNA: "Ya, ya make fun of my food, but you love it  
don't you. Let's eat..."

L'Italienne,  
Noranda,  
Ciao... Salut

## BUT IS IT REALLY ALL, FOLKS?

by Claudette Turgeon

This is it: the end of my first year in the SCPA. I find myself in a big dilemma, trying to decide whether this was the best or the worst year of my student life. I find myself wondering whether I am a better or a worse person than I was in September and, in either case, what is the part of the change that can be credited to the School itself, and which portion is my own.

If I look back to September, I see a student who, after a year and a half of university, was looking for an outlet for her energy and a "cause" to get involved with. I see an idealistic, enthusiastic person (twenty-year-olds do not have the monopoly of delirant idealism, you know). I see someone who wanted something to believe in, a "relationship" which life in the big university had so far refused her.

And did she ever get involved: ASSCPA secretary, Forum literary editor, Senate, Lacolle, SCPA 301, selling beer-bash macarons, lobbying students to sign this and that petition, constitutional debates, priority day, bilingualism, parties, ANEQ, Washington, and keeping up the A's! She became so involved at times that she did not want to get up on all those Friday mornings to go to work and make a living! She was so busy that she forgot to get her hair cut, to file her nails, to keep a close check on a dwindling bank account, to call her old friends, to be home for Christmas, to go food shopping, and to be a normal person.

She did her papers, her homework, her studying and her exams in a daze because, toward the end of each semester, there was so much to do and so little time to do it. And all the while she was DOING all these things, something kept nagging at her. There was a tiny voice telling her: "Wait a minute, there is something very wrong, here." But who has time to listen? Especially when there is a meeting coming, minutes to type, an argument to be put together, a paper to write. So, she did not listen to the little voice.



As the year progressed and more things got done, the little voice became louder and recently, it has been yelling at me all the time. It is telling me that I have missed on something -- that the deal was not fully satisfactory. And one night, I sat with Geneviève to write a platform for the ultimate action, becoming a Co-minister in the SCPA. And I felt that she could hear the yelling in me just as well as I could hear it. And the end result is that the platform took a certain shape, that it tries to provide the second part of the unfulfilled deal.

I know now what the voice wanted to say: too much action and not enough reflection. Too much doing and not enough thinking. When I came to the school, I wanted to do things for a cause in which I could believe. If I have had every possible occasion of doing things, I am still looking for something to believe in. I am not yet sure what the School stands for, I am not certain what COMMUNITY AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS means, in the real life. And I cannot believe in something I don't know about. It may be that I expected to be told everything; that I thought someone would be there and offer information and that then I could choose what I wanted to do with it. It may be that I see everything wrong and that I am asking for the impossible. What happened to me, this year, and to most other first year students seems very unhealthy to an old lady like me. What happened to us was a tremendous drain on our energies, a constant feeling that you had to be doing something, that you had to be as busy as possible and as helpful as possible, for the greater good of the School and the Association. It was a very physical year and we all went through it out of resilience and sheer management of time and energy. And while I agree that this is something very important to learn, I disagree on learning it for its own sake.

When we see second and third year students avoiding the SCPA, we may wonder whether they felt the same way I feel now: tired and empty. The sense of accomplishment I could derive from all these things I have done this year is absent since I cannot replace the physical energy spent with some mental satisfaction of having contributed to a cause.

Staying around the SCPA for more than a year may be suicidal, for people like me. It may be that students stay away from School activities only as a conditioned reflex which has been known to biologists as "instinct de conservation". It may be that after a whole year of doing things, they want to stop and think about what they did, why they did it, and what the consequences of their actions were. It may be that the SCPA at large needs to stop doing so many things for a little while and start giving a good, thorough thinking-over of its relationship to the university and the community at large. It may be time for the SCPA to stop contemplating its own navel and congratulating itself for what it does and to open up its doors and its energy to serve a greater cause and to think a bit about what it does not do.

I think that the SCPA, that WE are ready to move along. We have acquired the basic skills of organization, research, structuring and making things work. What we need now is something to fill up these structures we have been building, to give a goal and an aim to the SCPA outside of itself: what we need is a social conscience. As I was told during an internship interview, good managers manage and great managers have acquired the little extra-organizational quality of being socially conscious. Naturally, in the process, they had to shed such limiting characteristics as tribalism, materialism, and self-centeredness.

Whoever will be Co-minister next year doesn't really matter. It is what we will be doing that matters. Or, more likely, what we will not be doing any more. I, for one, am decided to resolve my own dilemma. This is the only way that I will be certain to become a better person and to be able to use the skills which I have acquired this year with the SCPA. Next year, I intend to grow, to think, and to help other people to do the same. It would be wonderful to do so as a group, while helping other, less favoured, groups within our community.

## THE DECLINE OF MONTREAL'S CHINATOWN

by Mary Lamey

My SCPA 301 term project was done with the guidance and help of Dr. Kwok Chan of the Applied Social Science Department of Concordia. I turned to Dr. Chan in the hope that he could put me in touch with a group working to stop the decimation of Chinatown. The sad truth is that no such effective group exists. Instead, he suggested that we work together in trying to create a report that could reach interested parties outside the Chinese community and let them know how the community feels about the things that are happening to their part of the city.

My first task was to read reams of information on the subject. This included historical background, old newspaper clippings, academic papers, and reports on the renewal of other Chinatowns across Canada. This background information gave me a much better idea of what kind of problems Chinatown is facing.

These problems include the encroachment of large scale development projects being undertaken by the federal, municipal, and provincial governments. Construction projects like the Complexe Guy Favreau, and the Palais des Congrès are effectively cutting the area of Chinatown into parts that are isolated one from the other. Taxes and land values are skyrocketing and lower income residents and business owners are being driven from the area.

Dr. Chan had prepared a questionnaire that was given to twenty-five of the Chinese community's most prominent leaders. They include businessmen and women professionals, and even a nineteen year old CEGEP student. The questionnaire was designed to probe the leaders for their perceptions of Chinatown, their vision of how the area should ideally be developed and

their opinions of the tactics being used by all levels of government in dealing with the community.

The survey is a valuable collection of data. Through it I am learning to read between lines and understand what these individuals are saying underneath their expressed opinions. Among the things I've learned is the fact that the Chinese community longs, perhaps unrealistically, for a charismatic leader to unite all of the many factions within Chinatown. As it stands, there are almost one hundred groups within the community, each with their own following, and each unwilling to relinquish personal and often selfish motivation for the betterment of the community.

I have also learned of the Chinese community's great deference for authority. This deference prevents them from defying City Hall or any other large scale bureaucracy that threatens the community. As an example of this we can look at the planned expansion of St. Urbain St. The City of Montreal proposes to widen this street which cuts right through Chinatown, to create a three lane boulevard. To do so would effectively bisect the area once more. Community leaders have agreed almost unanimously that the project is necessary and that the city "must have a reason for doing it", this despite the fact that the boulevard will be disastrous for the area.

At this stage, I am still analysing the results of the forty-question survey. In the end, Dr. Chan and I will tabulate the results, and create a report of our findings. This report will include the data, analysis and suggestions for improvement in the way that urbanization takes place in Montreal's Chinatown.

This research will probably not be completed until next fall. I will

try to have a follow up article in the Forum next September.

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The City of Montreal's uncaring and callous way of dealing with communities is not limited to contempt for Chinatown. In recent weeks we have all heard of the Devonshire School debacle, during which the City sent in work crews to raze an abandoned high school even though it had promised the community that it would hold public consultation.

The city has also sold out to big business by going ahead with plans to build another shopping complexe on Ste. Catherine St. at McGill College Ave. These actions show contempt for the citizens of Montreal and a lack of foresight about what our city will look like in ten years if we keep tearing down the old to create more unnecessary consumer Shangris-Las.

If you are concerned, and anyone who loves this beautiful city should be, inform yourself. Contact your city councillor, attend council meetings and write letters to the local news media. The only way we can preserve Montreal as a city for the people, is by bringing the Drapeau regime to its senses. It's now or never.





STUDENT APATHY TOWARDS C.U.S.A.

Jan Clelford  
Micheline Greco  
Chantal Ladouceur  
Fabienne Plasse

As a continuation from last semester, we worked on the problem of student apathy at Concordia towards CUSA. Having realized that a lack of communication and information between CUSA, member associations and the students at large, was largely responsible for the low participation, we concentrated on finding ways to improve the situation.

Interviews with some members of the 83/84 CUSA executive, a survey sent to 70 member associations, and an INFO SESSION for member association reps. to meet the incoming CUSA executive, were some of the ways we went about exploring the problem. In each instance, criticisms and suggestions were aired as to how CUSA could improve its student relations and even its internal workings to lessen the apathy.

Recommendations such as a smaller handbook explaining CUSA's role, frequent orientation days to acquaint new executives of member associations with CUSA, and better management of volunteered services by CUSA, were some of the most important.

Long-term problems and solutions related to the availability of bilingual teaching staff, how to attract such staff to the SCPA and how to keep them; the possibility of implementing a subsidized immersion programme for SCPA students; the delicate situation of a bilingual college within a unilingual university or, more to the point, the difference between accepting bilingualism in principle and providing resources to make it functional. Because of time constraints, we did not explore these long-term implications as deeply as we would have liked to. But we are hopeful that, with the new committee on bilingualism and the renewed commitment of students to the improvement of bilingualism in the SCPA, more research will be done in the months to come. And since Dr. Bindon and the School's fellows and advisors have all expressed an interest in the future of bilingualism in the SCPA, there are great possibilities for co-operative and fruitful work for the advancement of bilingualism in our community.

Anyone interested in finding out more on this project is welcome to communicate with either of the team members. A copy of our final report will be made available to the committee on bilingualism, and we hope that our work will provide a basis upon which it could build in the future.

## BILINGUALISM IN THE SCPA

by Claudette Turgeon

A 301 team composed of Sharon Spriggs, France Pellerin, Paul d'Orson-nens and myself has just completed a year project on bilingualism in the SCPA. In the first semester, the team had focused its efforts on assessing whether or not there were problems with bilingualism in the SCPA. At that time, the team had two further members, Vincent Lemieux and Dan Ziniuk, allowing for a diversified division of labour. While some members were busy creating a survey, others were writing specific questions to be used in interview with professors, fellows, and representatives of the Board of Advisors. Others still were reading reports, brochures, and checking the School's admission policy as it relates to bilingualism.

The problems we uncovered were more of a quantitative nature than of a qualitative nature. For instance, francophone and anglophone students alike deplored the limited exposure to the French language in the SCPA. Second and third year students reported that, although they had seen great improvements in their second language during their first year at the SCPA, they had not progressed further during their subsequent years. We attributed this to the fact that students were constantly in a bilingual context in their first year, since they spent most of their time in the SCPA taking the core courses. The remainder of their university years was spent in the unilingual context of the "big university" and the only students who profited from this situation were francophones who had no choice but to become proficient in the English language. Professors and students stressed the need for more practical training in the written second language, and the need for francophone students to keep writing in French.

During the second semester, the team, sponsored by Dr. Bindon, did some further research and tried to propose short-term and long-term solutions to the problems uncovered. Short-term proposals related to students' commitment to bilingualism, integration of bilingualism to all levels in the School, and tools to help the students in their efforts to become bilingual. Some of these proposals were adopted unanimously by the ASSCPA at its last meeting (buddy system, committee on bilingualism, extending core courses over three years).

## THE STRUCTURE OF CLASS IN THE SCPA

Having one day found myself in a sociological frame of mind, I decided to study the students of the SCPA. After a great deal of extensive research, I classified the SCPA student body into an upper, a middle, and a lower class. (These classifications do not in any way represent a student's economic status).

Let us begin with the upper class. This prestigious class consists of third year students. They have seen everything, they have done everything and have become blasé with the amateur activities of the SCPA, preferring to move on to bigger and better things (like attempting to graduate). They occasionally allocate some of their time to grace the SCPA with their awesome presence. Granted, there are some upper class members who do not consider it beneath them to interact with the middle and lower classes. (Who are they, you ask? Well, the editor of the Forum for one). In any case, their sparse visits are appreciated.

The middle class is somewhat different in character from the upper class but since there exists a great deal of social mobility, the middle class could eventually end up taking on the characteristics of the upper class. The middle class is made up of second year students who know everything and do everything. Basically, this class can be divided into two distinct groups: those who are involved in CUSA and those who are not. It seems to be very much in style for the members of this particular class to run for positions in CUSA. Those who do not run for positions in CUSA run for positions in the SCPA. The members of this class are very busy people. If they don't have an internship interview to go to, they have a few late term papers to hand in. (You know the saying...all work and no play...)

The last class on my list is the lower class. This class is made up of first year students who want to know everything and who want to do everything, despite the constant reminders of members of the other classes that they should wait until they get the hang of things. And so, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, some try to accomplish a multitude of little things at once, eagerly awaiting the chance to be a big shot in the SCPA hierarchy. Others, whether they be power hungry or just plain determined to do something (what?) for Concordia and those in it, run for positions in CUSA. Whatever the case may be, the members of the lower class are hard workers, hoping that the day will soon arrive when they will move up the social ladder and be important enough to earn a smile from Catherine as they walk in through the front door.....



#### PHASE IV THE POST-BUREAUCRATIC ELITE

by Vincent Lemieux

I am no futurologist, nor do I claim to be blessed with supernatural powers of forethought. I do, however, think of the future, as I will have to spend the rest of my life in it. I also have a natural tendency to try and see order in what is happening around me. Historians have always done this with past recorded events, and making them meaningful at a human level. Human beings have very little tolerance for ambiguity and confusion. We fear the unknown and try to eliminate it whenever possible.

The decay of religious institutions and the consequential lack of man-made explanations leaves particular room for attempts at explanations of our pains, ills, and discomforts. We struggle to gain a sense of personal relevance in a world which often seems to have gone completely out of wack.

This article is a taste of my own thoughts, and attempts at seeing an order in this apparent chaos. It is an exercise in sensitivity, analysis, and creativity.

#### ELITES

By and large, throughout history, everything has been run by a limited number of people who had ideas, a sense of purpose, and who have found themselves in a position of power. These groups are often referred to as the "elite." The source of their power is control of resources, information and/or people. The types of positions involving such power have varied from society to society and have, from time to time, depended largely on factors such as economic infrastructure, popular ideologies (or the basic assumptions on which they rest), as well as technology, complexity, and structure of human endeavour.

Cont'd

## Phase I Land Power (Agrarian Societies)

Until the 19<sup>th</sup> century, one source of power stood out more than any other--the ownership of land. This implied control of food, a scarce resource in medieval Europe.\* This society centered around the production and distribution of food and other natural products.

## Phase II Money Power

With the advent of mercantalism and industrialization, importance was falling on money and control of the means of production. One might own a large area of land, but if few laborers needed to work on it (working in commerce, or manufacturing instead) the land itself was a much diminished asset. One could no longer control the people and the resources through it.

Social and legal institutions in time came to reflect and protect this new order.

## Phase III Bureaucratic Power

As phase II evolved, its main actors, corporations, and government, grew in size and complexity. Activities became more and more specialized. To coordinate these activities, another specialist appeared -- the administrator. He worked in a bureaucratic world, lined with paper and regulations.

This is where we stand now. Our lives are, to a large extent, controlled by this elite. Even the way we think and see the world is a result of this situation and of the actions of the people in charge.

## Phase IV

There are a number of factors which have changed many of our most basic assumptions about the nature of life, intelligence, and civilization. These

\*I see medieval Europe as the most ancient direct ancestor of our present civilization.

include: increased levels of average education and information flow, the growth of socialism, of environmental and world consciousness, the advent of automation and artificial intelligence, minority organization, the baby boom, the availability of mind altering drugs and techniques, the prospect of extra-terrestrial intelligence, and even such seemingly remote factors as the discovery of relativity and quantum physics. These changes are reflected in our activities.

The world is changing and our values are also changing. Power will shift accordingly. Ownership is no longer the overruling monarch in this phase. Powers such as public concern, welfare and rights, as well as minority and religious rights, are imposing limits and gaining ground. Powers from the top are colliding with powers from the bottom. Better educated masses are becoming more aware and organized. Rapid technological change, economic instability, and social unrest are shaking the grounds on which we stand, so we grabble on to anything we can to secure ourselves. A growing number of fads and fashions are a witness to this. Information is starting to be recognised by the masses as a way to "see" through the chaos.

Specialization has reached its approximate limit. We can no longer count on specialists to understand and control our world, or to provide us with solutions to our most pressing problems. Interests and viewpoints have become so diverse and numerous that we need a new type of individual to integrate them in a coherent form, comprehensible to the general public who is demanding more answers than ever before.

This phase IV individual will bridge the widening gap between the different specializations, the different interests (including governments, corporations, interest groups...) He will be a special figure to the people he deals with; their lifeline to understanding the world. He will be a generalist by inclination and an integrator by function.

The structures that surround and support us are changing, and although I cannot

tell what they will be like ten or twenty years from now, I do have an idea as to what kinds of people will be found at the center of these structures -- well educated, flexible, humane phase IV people.

WONDERFUL WEDNESDAY

Lydia Milanovic  
Vice-President  
Liberal Youth Club  
Concordia University

Organizers for the Turner rally were hoping to attract up to 4 000 Liberals on April 11, a day billed as "Wonderful Wednesday". This title is similar in concept to an event organized last year by Mulroney at the outset of the Conservative Leadership Campaign, called "Friends of Brian Mulroney". This event, which coincidentally was held at the same hotel and room, attracted 4 000 people. A modest 2 000 people showed to hear Turner flawlessly deliver a speech more invigorating and dynamic in tone than any of his previous speeches during the campaign. Perhaps this is an indication that Turner is responding to Chrétien's unexpected success in this bid for the Liberal leadership. On this day, Turner could be faulted for having delivered a truly politic speech. He glossed over many issues, not committing himself to any position except for his endorsement of Bill 101. He continued to espouse the notion of provincial jurisdiction in the area of language rights. Turner stated, and he has been consistent in this area, that he supports Bill 101 because of its provincial initiative, which Turner maintained is correct in principle. He qualified this statement by supporting court challenges with the financial aid of the federal government, if provincial laws infringed upon the freedoms of mincrity groups. His stance on the language issue drew bursts of enthusiastic applause from the crowd, indicating that the Turner supporters were very aware of the negative press which has dogged him since the beginning of his campaign. For applause, this was exceeded only by his reference to Pierre Trudeau as the "most remarkable Canadian of his generation." Turner was silenced for several minutes by the applause he elicited from the mention of Pierre Trudeau. He endorsed the



Prime Minister's peace initiative and praised his global image, promising to continue to make Canada internationally well respected. His generous reference to Trudeau's successes can be interpreted as an attempt to minimize speculation regarding their dispute which led to his resignation in 1975. Turner's abrupt resignation and subsequent retirement from the political scene is being interpreted by Chrétien, as well as some Canadians, as an irresponsible act, which at the time created a good deal of panic among Canadians and the Corporate world. It is imperative Turner dispense with that image if he is to gain public confidence. Turner was quite effective in teasing Mulroney for showing concern about the big crowds Turner was drawing in the West. There was an element of playful taunting and childish glee as he said to laughter and applause: "Be patient Brian, just wait, it's just the beginning".

John Turner's speech lasted forty-five minutes. The music chosen to herald his arrival and departure was a disco rendition of Eye of the Tiger, the main theme from Rocky III. The compelling beat droned on as Turner walked through the crowds, shaking hands and chatting. As the aggressive, enthusiastic crowd rushed to shake his hand, the scene became reminiscent of fans flocking to touch a movie idol. Turner's good looks have been the cause of much of his popularity. He has the looks of a matinée idol. He has fierce blue eyes, almost unsettling in their intensity, and a warm and companionable manner. In short, he is a man with a lot of charm, and the public's fervent reaction to him on Wednesday illustrates that he has not lost the popularity he enjoyed in Québec, when he campaigned for the Liberal leadership in 1968. I cannot help but feel a curious destiny to his words in 1968, when in his appeal to the public for their vote, he pronounced that he was asking for their support now and not at some vague future convention in 1984.

## LACOLLE EN VELO!!! INTERESSES?

par Gilles G. Laurence

Si vous êtes intéressé(e)s et que vous vous sentez capables physiquement de pédaler entre 70 et 80 km (42 et 48 milles), alors je vous suggère de lire attentivement les lignes qui suivent car celles-ci contiennent des renseignements vitaux à tous ceux et celles qui veulent goûter à une activité de plus en plus populaire, le cyclotourisme.

Le chalet de l'Université Concordia, communément appelé "Lacolle", n'est pas situé dans le village de Lacolle ou de St-Bernard-de-Lacolle, mais bien à deux pas de la frontière américaine (l'Etat de New York), à côté de la route 217. Le chalet est la dernière maison habitée sur cette route qui indique, à sa dernière intersection, "cul-de-sac". Il ne faut pas se laisser avoir par cette pancarte car le chalet est bien situé après le cul-de-sac.

La distance entre l'Ecole et Lacolle via le pont Jacques-Cartier est d'environ 70 km. Quelqu'un qui partirait de Laval, ou de l'Est ou de l'Ouest de Montréal, devrait rajouter un bon 10 km à cette distance. La partie la plus difficile sera de gravir les deux bosses du pont Jacques-Cartier. Une fois cette étape franchie, il restera à traverser quelques villes de la rive sud avant d'atteindre la 217. La 217 est une route de campagne à deux voies, et relativement plate. Elle est tranquille mais n'offre cependant rien de trop captivant pour l'oeil. Selon l'état physique du groupe, nous ferons entre un et trois "pit stops" avant d'arriver à notre destination. Notre vitesse de pointe sera de 17 km/h, ce qui est raisonnable. Cette vitesse nous permettra de faire le voyage en quatre heures. Ces prédictions sont sous réserve, car il est fort possible que le vent accélère notre avance ou que la pluie la ralentisse. Par contre, si vous suivez les consignes des prochains paragraphes, je crois que nous pourrions minimiser ces variables.

### L'ETAT PHYSIQUE

Quatre heures de route... Est-ce que tous les "mecs" et les "nanas" de l'Ecole peuvent réussir ce tour de pédales? Probablement. Mais il serait grandement préférable que tous ceux et celles qui pensent à relever ce défi soient en bonne forme physique.

Si vous avez passé ces derniers mois écrasé(e)s dans un divan avec une bière dans une main et un livre dans l'autre, je vous suggère fortement de sortir votre vélo du grenier et de commencer à effectuer des randonnées trois à quatre fois par semaine. Débutez avec des excursions de 30 à 60 minutes et, trois jours avant notre départ, je vous conseille de faire une sortie de deux heures. Pourquoi ce mini-programme d'exercice? Parce qu'il est important que vos muscles soient habitués aux efforts que le cyclotourisme leur demande et que vous vous sentiez mieux que jamais lorsque vous aurez franchi le cul-de-sac. Prenez cet entraînement au sérieux, car je ne veux pas voir de morts-vivants à Lacolle!

#### L'ETAT DE VOTRE VELO

Il est essentiel que vous soyez prêt(e)s physiquement mais, si votre vélo ne tient qu'à deux broches, je vous suggère d'aller rencontrer votre détaillant local et de demander un "check-up" général. Si vous vous pensez des talents de mécanicien(ne)s, alors essayez de mettre votre vélo en état vous-mêmes, en vous assurant que tout fonctionne bien.

#### Les roues

Il serait bon que vous commenciez la saison avec des roues bien alignées. Lorsque vous tournez la roue, est-ce qu'elle zig-zague ou est-ce qu'elle saute? Si oui, il se peut que les broches soient mal ajustées ou que la jante soit bosselée. Le premier cas est mineur et je me ferai un plaisir de vous aider mais, dans le deuxième cas, il n'y a rien à faire et il faudra peut-être que vous achetiez une autre jante. Regardez aussi les pneus: un pneu usé sera plus susceptible de crevaisons. Changer les pneus vous permettra de rouler sans crainte, surtout lorsque vous vous éloignez de la maison. Enfin, voyez à ce que les pneus soient gonflés à la pression recommandée, ce qui réduira la friction entre les pneus et la route et, par le fait même, vous aidera à atteindre une meilleure vitesse de croisière avec moins d'efforts.

## Les freins

A moins que le conducteur n'ait des tendances suicidaires, tout véhicule a besoin d'une bonne paire de freins. La roue doit être centrée entre les freins et les patins ne doivent toucher la roue que lorsque les freins sont actionnés. S'il y a un problème, essayez de le réparer vous-mêmes. La mécanique des freins n'est pas compliquée et je suis sûr que vous êtes en mesure de rectifier le bobo. Assurez-vous que vos freins soient à la bonne tension et que le câble ne soit pas effiloché. La tension des freins est facile à ajuster mais, si votre câble ne tient plus qu'à quelques fils, achetez-en un nouveau.

## Le système de vitesses

Lors d'une randonnée en vélo, il est important de pouvoir se servir de toute la gamme de vitesses de votre vélo. Vérifiez que les deux dérailleurs puissent faire passer aisément la chaîne d'une vitesse à l'autre. Si vous remarquez qu'il y a quelque chose qui cloche, repérez les deux petites vis qui permettent de contrôler le déplacement latéral du dérailleur. L'une modifie le déplacement vers l'intérieur et l'autre, vers l'extérieur. Vérifiez aussi l'état des câbles et, s'ils sont effilochés, changez-les.

## Lubrification

Il faut lubrifier, une à trois fois par an, toutes les pièces où il y a friction. Le système de freins, les dérailleurs, les manettes de freins et de dérailleurs, l'intérieur des gaines des câbles et la chaîne seront ou devront être huilés avec une huile très fine (WD-40).

## Autres conseils d'entretien

Assurez-vous que toutes les pièces du vélo soient bien serrées et que le siège soit à une hauteur confortable. Assurez-vous également que votre vélo est équipé de réflecteurs à l'avant, à l'arrière et sur les pédales.

## QUOI APPORTER?

Est-ce que je dois traîner avec moi du linge et mon sac de couchage? La réponse est non. Il y aura d'autres étudiants qui descendront en auto (les paresseux) et on peut s'organiser pour qu'ils emportent nos bagages.

Quand allons-nous partir? J'aimerais partir vendredi à 10:00 h. Nous pourrions nous rencontrer au pied du pont Jacques-Cartier. Cette heure nous permettrait d'éviter le trafic matinal. Avant de partir, soyez sûr(e)s de prendre un bon déjeuner car vous allez avoir besoin de beaucoup d'énergie.

Qu'arrivera-t-il s'il pleut à 10:00 h ou si le temps se fait menaçant? S'il pleut, je communiquerai avec vous et nous prendrons une décision. Si le temps se fait menaçant, nous partirons tout de même, car je n'ai pas l'intention de laisser Dame Nature Libre de dicter notre horaire. S'il se met à pleuvoir en cours de route, soit qu'on s'arrête et qu'on attende la fin de l'averse, soit qu'on continue à rouler. On verra bien!

Est-ce qu'il y aura une oasis à chaque kilomètre? Non, mais je pense qu'il y aura assez d'endroits pour s'arrêter et se rafraîchir. Si vous voulez vous acheter une bouteille d'eau ou une petite sacoche pour y mettre des fruits, n'hésitez pas car c'est une bonne idée.

Qu'arrivera-t-il si j'ai une crevaison? Y'a rien là! Je vous suggère d'acheter et d'apporter avec vous un tube de rechange, au cas où. J'amènerai, de mon côté, les outils nécessaires à toute réparation.

Qu'arrivera-t-il si l'un(e) d'entre nous est incapable de continuer? J'espère pouvoir boucler une entente avec un automobiliste de l'Ecole qui resterait chez lui ou chez elle, prêt(e) à venir à notre aide si le besoin s'en fait sentir. Cette personne serait prête à partir vers les 13:00 h pour nous rejoindre à Lacolle. Elle transporterait nos bagages et peut-être de la nourriture.



Y aura-t-il des sites pittoresques aux environs de Lacolle? Selon moi, le petit village de Rose's Point vaut le déplacement. Le yacht-club, le Lac Champlain ainsi que les vieilles maisons charmantes sont à recommander. Et, s'il fait chaud, il y a une magnifique plage déserte au sable fin à une quinzaine de kilomètres de Lacolle où on pourrait faire un petit tour, histoire de se tremper les orteils.

Est-ce que je dois retourner à Montréal en vélo et sinon, quelles sont mes options? Naturellement, vous n'êtes pas obligé(e)s de revenir en vélo. La seule option qui existe est que l'un(e) de nos camarades veuille bien vous donner un "lift" en auto. Communiquez avec le comité organisateur ou avec moi pour vous assurer un retour à quatre roues.

Si l'aventure vous intéresse, communiquez avec moi et ensemble, nous partirons à la conquête de Lacolle. Si vous avez des questions à poser ou si vous avez besoin d'aide pour remettre votre vélo en état, n'hésitez pas à m'appeler car je me ferai un plaisir de vous dépanner. Enfin, j'aimerais bien qu'on effectue une randonnée ensemble avant le grand départ. Après la période des examens, il y aura deux fins de semaines libres pendant lesquelles on pourrait s'organiser un petit voyage à l'Île Ste-Hélène, histoire de connaître le pont.

En conclusion, j'aimerais souhaiter à toutes et à tous un bon été rempli de randonnées fructueuses et un retour à l'automne prochain en pleine forme. Pour ceux et celles qui ne seront plus des nôtres, je vous salue et vous souhaite le meilleur succès dans vos entreprises et j'espère que vous resterez en contact avec nous.

Au plaisir!

P.S. Entre deux roues, on pourrait bien se grouiller le "Q"!

"Addolorata" : A play about immigration in Quebec

Marco Micone, a teacher at Vanier College, is the author of the first two plays about immigration in Quebec. "Addolorata", the story of an Italian girl in Montreal who marries to escape the confinement and oppression of her father's home, has just finished a two-month run at Théâtre La licorne on St. Laurent Boulevard.

"Addolorata" is the second of two successful dramas to be shown in Montreal. Micone, who founded Vanier's Italian programme, focuses on the oppression of immigrants in Quebec and specifically the female immigrant's situation. In the play, which is a mixture of serious and satiric drama, language problems, unemployment, traditional male and female roles and feelings for the "old country" are revealed.

Starring four French-Canadian actors, there is an intimate flavour given to the play through their action on stage and among the audience. The theatre seats a maximum of 90 people, who usually end up sitting packed together at tables and even in the aisles on a Saturday night.

This kind of small-theatre performance is something new to Quebec. However, it is catching on and at the same time, it is encouraging to see such an important issue in the forefront.

Jan Clelford

"FEAR & LOATHING AT THE WATERGATE"

While ridin' on a train goin' West,  
I fell asleep for to take my rest,  
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,  
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room,  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,  
Where we together weathered many a storm,  
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

--- B. Dylan

My mental music clock woke me in time for our last vestige of the Bad Apple. Ah!... memories. I yearned to release my ejection seat , not only to terminate this nightmare, but also to evaluate the reliability of our university's military-funded research. However, these infatuations were quickly circumvented by the fact that a beautiful person was sleeping, lodged against my shoulder.

I awoke to find the merry pranksters had either all passed-out, or overcome with human desires, nestled as lovers. Realizing that I was on holiday, and that this book beside me could wait another week or so, I put some Spike Jones on the box to get the children up, singin' and cryin'.

Hot town, summer in the city, back of my neck gettin'  
dirt and gritty, been down isn't it a pity,  
Dosen't seem to be a shadow in the city.  
All around people lookin' half-dead,  
Walkin' on the sidewalk hotter than a match-head.

But at night it's a different world,  
Go out and find a girl,  
Come on, come on, and dance all night,  
Despite the heat it will be alright,  
That the days can be like the nights,  
In the summer in the city, in the summer in the city.

---- J.B. Sebastian

Well I know it's the wrong season, but it sure felt warmer.

Even though I hadn't been asked to navigate this journey, my internal road map flashed red when the pilot pulled the rig off the existing

"Washington townships". I had to look again because I swore my younger brother could have been driving - déjà-vu. Quickly to the front, I noticed that he was only relieving himself of the excesses of coffee and other diuretics consumed the previous evening.

Back on the bus, playing Trivial Pursuit to the passing cities, rivers, mountains, valleys, etc., we kept a close look-out for police speed traps. This could have been a scene from the Muppet Movie as we all joined in for a hearty rendition of "Movin' Right Along". Basically, I was reminiscing of the times and faces of bygone years and previous excursions.

Pulling into D.C. on a sunny afternoon can be a culture shock for some, but I had been through this movie before. So after surveying the terrain, I headed over to the nearest package store to stock up on the essentials needed for the early evening celebrations. Locating my compañeros back at the hotel, I found them on the floor, wailing some song about "cocorachas" as they did battle to this army of roaches. I couldn't believe this room, the Ritz it wasn't, but then again the price was right. Actually, I settled down very comfortably with my two roommates, these two crazy Cuban playboys, Sancho & Panza. Sometimes I felt like a voyeur as this parade of young women kept invading our inner sanctum. Talk about live action... Woa!

After the successful landing, and setting up the 'Sports Desk', I immediately began to contact my sources in this town along the Mason-Dixon line. Brother Walter was the first to arrive, bringing along some much needed hardware to be used later as we journeyed through the jungle. Even my cousin Jethro showed up from Southern Virginia, informing me that my uncle Jed got busted again for moonshining and that probably the shop would be permanently closed. However, he did manage to bring along some samples to relieve my anguish and sorrow.

Spending 17 consecutive hours, consuming rocket fuel, destroying millions of brain cells, can be a forgettable experience. Taking a break, roaming the hotel looking for new vistas, I found a little hide-a-way called the "Pink Elephant". Sitting in the corner, trying to remain incognito, I spied this woman dressed totally in black leather. WOW! I knew her... Baby Doll, I screamed as I ran up to her, wrapping my arms in a tight embrace, crying, "Lord Have Mercy, I'm coming Home". It felt real good to be with the one you love. I can't finish the rest of this narration, because I promised my editor that I would avoid any sexually explicit language. I'll leave it to your imagination by saying that I was glad I wasn't her uncle.

I was awakened the next morning by this cheerful southern drawl on the phone, " 'Mornin' hon', it's 7 thirty", I asked if this was a recording. She replied, "it's a beautiful day and get your Yankee buns out of bed". I immediately stood at attention and played reveille. This was the big day I'd been waiting for, Fear & Loathing at the State Department. I showered and shaved, put on my Sunday best to look and feel like an all-Amerikkkan kid. Grabbing my James Bond briefcase and proceeding towards the lobby to meet up with my other partners in crime, we headed an entourage along the yellow brick towards the 'Golden Day'. As fate would have it, a lovely young cherub fell and sprained her ankle. So as not to leave her for dead, I elevated her upon my shoulders and continued the trek. Arriving exhausted, I slipped into the men's room to have a quick smoke. Utilizing my St. Bernard training, I cracked open my emergency Guinness, the Breakfast of Champions. I was ready for any fast pitches or curves.

Taking my place naturally to the left of the speaker, placed me in a very commanding position. I could notice the audience's reaction to the presentation without turning, while listening attentively to the

lecture. After the brief introductions of the scheduled speakers, I realized that my homework was worth 'Sweet Fanny Adams' since these men were only academicians and would fail to answer any questions regarding policy. Just as I was ready to pack it all away, Rosa Kleb entered the room and was ushered over to the Speaker's chair. I smiled, almost forgetting the combination to my briefcase, took out the infamous documents which would prove later to be a deathwish to this Natasha look-a-like.

Writing frantically to contradict every word, was a test even for a stenographer. When she finished reading her brief, I immediately raised my hand to pursue these totally blasphemous lies. Not recognizing my presence, she was about to escape when I slyly tripped her, excusing myself and acknowledged that I had a short remark concerning her information.

Rotating my chair 90 degrees, and peering over the top of my glasses, I flagelated her as to assuming that we were naive Canadian students, who would accept implicitly everything she told us. I vehemently expressed my outrage and regurgitated her mendacities.

Well from that day to this, I have been ostracized by my teachers and peers. It was almost like I had leprosy or something. However, like an angel of mercy, out of the night came my old friend, the Goose. She had heard through the grapevine that I had finally broke my last balloon, and that it was only days before they sent me home, packing. She really made my last night an evening to remember. Taking me dancing at the 'Midnight', where we rocked and rolled till the early hours of the dawn. I'll always be indebted to her for being there when I needed a friend. You're the GREATEST.

From Russia With Love,

Marvin

Lettre ouverte à la signorina Villa

Mio caro biscotto,

Comme stai? Si je me suis décidé à écrire une lettre publique c'est pour que les membres de l'EAPC sachent, le calvaire que j'ai dû endurer cette année! Honnêtement, je crois que les étudiants qui ont travaillé au leadership du Parti Libéral devraient, après l'élection de notre confrère, prendre le chemin de Rome dans le but de "cabaler" pour ma béatification.

It's not that you aren't nice Marianne, no...just a little bit "bizarre". Tell me frankly, girl, who would have taken a couple of days before accepting a job with Esso? Big company, good money, downtown Montreal...what else could you ask for? I agree that it's not Gulf, but at this point, friend, you should realize that Gulf is the best, and it is only for the best student...you see now why I got the job? By the way, Marianne, if you have to sign a letter during your internship, don't sign it where you did for Michel Brunet. You could be fired right away...

Mais si tu es congédiée, tu pourrais toujours ouvrir une cantine et faire goûter à tes clients tes incomparables sandwiches aux patates, au veau avec sauce et les autres qui sont tellement forts que les yeux nous coulent. L'argent gagné te permettrait de faire taper tes travaux de l'an prochain...ou de prendre un cours accéléré de dactylographie. Pour \$103 j'accepterais volontiers d'être professeur!

En serions-nous maintenant au terrible moment de divulguer les noms inscrits sur l'interminable liste, Marianne? Tu sais, à ce propos, j'ai un peu peur de délaissier ma surveillance serrée avec l'été qui approche. Qui d'autre que moi mettra la liste à jour? Ouin, il ne me reste plus qu'à me croiser les doigts

et qu'à te conseiller de demeurer loin de la Place Air Canada...entre autres. Cependant je doute que tu ais le temps de traîner de ce côté là. Il y aura Esso du lundi au vendredi. Pourquoi pas les Chaussures French samedi, de même que jeudi et vendredi soirs? Et CBC serait logique et raisonnable. Hum...voyons voir...il faudra trouver quelque chose pour les lundis, mardis et mercredis soirs. Hubert aurait sans doute la solution: aller faire cuire des pizzas en Suède.

Et si à présent je racontais aux gens comment tu m'as traitée cette année. En esclave Marianne, et le mot n'est pas trop fort. D'ailleurs je pense sincèrement que la secrétaire du département de philosophie me connaît plus que toi, même si je n'avais aucun cours dans cette discipline cette année. Mais tu as parfaitement raison, il faut mentionner à ta décharge que tu travaillais le lundi...et ton comportement dictatorial si on en faisait. Evidemment tu es l'aînée de la famille chez-vous, il faut que tu joues ton rôle comme il se doit. "Go get the keys downstairs" ou "I'll stay here - go to the Hall Building and ask the security guard to come". Tu es chanceuse que moi je suis le bébé à la maison, j'ai pris très vite l'habitude d'obéir! Par contre je n'ai jamais eu à aiguïser les crayons de ma soeur, je dois toutefois préciser que elle, elle, comprenait que une fois rendu au bois, le pauvre crayon n'écrivait plus. Un détail sans doute!

Est-ce déjà le temps de devenir sérieuse? Dans ce cas je te dois certainement des excuses. Et si je les fais publiquement ces excuses c'est pour que certains membres de l'EAPC ne t'en veuillent pas après cette année. C'est pour qu'ils sachent que si tu as été plus "tranquille" en 1983-84 c'est probablement un peu de ma faute, si tu n'as pas été aussi impliquée qu'ils l'auraient désiré dans certaines causes ou activités, c'est sans doute aussi de ma faute, et si quelques étudiants ont trouvé que vos relations avaient changé en cours de route, je prends également le blâme. J'aurais peut-être dû te mentir ou ne pas te donner ma vision réelle des choses. Tant qu'il y a, je vais aussi m'excuser pour les fois où je t'ai "brassée" un peu fort, pour les fois où tu n'avais peut-être pas le goût



de te faire sermonner mais que tu me laissais faire quand même.

Finalement, même si je suis loin en ce moment, je veux que tu saches et que tous les membres de l'École sachent aussi tout le plaisir que j'ai eu à travailler avec toi cette année. J'ai appris énormément au niveau des différences de mentalité et de culture et j'ai pris conscience de l'importance que la communication pouvait avoir. J'ai été impressionnée par la quantité et la qualité du travail que tu pouvais fournir sans te plaindre et sans t'en vanter...ce qui est rare chez l'espèce humaine. Cependant ce que j'ai le plus apprécié chez toi c'est cette belle fierté, ce bel orgueil de toujours vouloir que tout ce que tu entreprennes soit bien exécuté et soit fructueux. Tu possèdes assurément l'une des plus belles personnalités qu'il m'est été donné de rencontrer et tu représentes à mes yeux une personne des plus attachantes. Si seulement tu pouvais gagner un peu de confiance...Thanks a lot for all you have done for me so far. Be sure that you can count on me anytime. I will always be there for you "ma petite Italienne".

Love,

Tua testa durra



## I GIVE UP

by Robert Lachance

Dedicated to Ronie Dearest.

Living with a woman can be a learning experience. It is not until one has actually lived with a member of the fair gender in our species that one realizes just how perplexing they can be. I have officially given up understanding them and have made up my mind to accept them and enjoy their presence with no further questions asked. Here is a small collection of some of the ways one of them has contrived to reduce me to a state of perpetual wonderment.

It all started back in September, on the very first morning. Did you know that a woman cannot hold any longer than three minutes after getting out of bed before she has to use the bathroom? - "Get out, pleeeeeease!" - And God have mercy on the man who would have left the seat up! I, for one, would rather face Mr. T than a woman en furie.

The bathroom is this woman's domain: here is where she retires to commune with her "all natural" beauty products. Our bathroom counter is a veritable emporium of self-improvement concoctions. In this plethora of cosmetic paraphernalia, there is everything anyone could possibly need to correct those slight slips of Mother Nature: from giving your fair hair that "sauvage" look to making your eyes smaller, your lips fuller, your cheekbones higher, your nose straighter, your ears flatter and what not. Unfortunately, there is nothing (I have checked) to make you appear four inches taller and twenty pounds heftier.

I cannot, for the life of me, imagine how generations of women all over the world have managed to survive before Alexander Graham's invention of the Little Bell Princess Telephone. It is one of the basic necessities of life, at par with food, shelter, cable t.v. and Michel-your-friendly-neighborhood-miracle-worker (hairstylist). Women's telephone philosophy is different from that of the rest of the world. It is

absolutely normal (from what I have observed) to receive phone calls at any time of day or night. It is also quite normal for Boyfriend to call around 11:30 p.m. and it is only routine when Max-from-Louisiana rings at 3:00 a.m. - "I was surprised that it was him, he never calls before 4:00!" - I don't know about you but, where I come from, a call after 10:00 p.m. must mean that whoever's not in the house has been in a car accident, a call after 1:00 means it was one of those multiple-vehicle accidents involving no less than five cars and two Voyageur buses and the bodies were so badly mutilated that they are only identifiable with the help of dental care records! A call after 3:00 (God forbid!) can have but one meaning: a warning that an all-out Russian nuclear attack is in process ... on our house!

They are a peculiar lot, that they are: women, what a puzzlement... Yet, what would life be without them? (Who would make the coffee?) In any case, I have long ago given up even trying to understand them and I've decided to sit back and relax. Still, they do make life so much more enjoyable, don't they? I am quite thankful for their presence and I tip my hat to each and every one of their little confusing selves.

THE ANATOMY OF A STORY by Waldo

I was sitting in class, learning (?) about psychic structure and social morality, when I thought; "This is boring, I should write a story for the Forum." I had just hit upon an idea for a story, about a rock getting a divorce, when they landed.

Just like that. We were all quite shocked of course, this little spaceship landing on Hubert's head. It was about the size of a frisbee, and looked pretty much like the flying saucers in all those old sci-fi movies. (The spaceship, not Hubert's head.)

I guess they decided that Hubert's head was a bad place to land, because just as he was about to show us his next dance step, they took off, moved to the centre of the room, and landed on the floor.

By this time I had forgotten about the rock, and I really didn't care who got custody of the pebbles. After all, it's not everyday a spaceship lands in your classroom.

After the thing landed, a little door opened, and these stairs came out and extended to the floor, just like in the movies. Then these little creatures came out. They were only about a half an inch tall, so I couldn't tell what they looked like. There were about (actually, not about, there were) six of them, and they moved so that they were a foot and a half away from each other.

The next thing that happened put the whole class into a state of shock. These little aliens started growing. Just like that. They grew into full-grown, life-sized Amazon women, all wearing bikinis.

Uh-oh. I don't think this is right for the Forum. Better backtrack. Sorry.

They grew into full-grown, life-sized clones of Richard Nixon, and -

No good. Who wants to read a story about a planet of Richard Nixons? I sure don't want to write one.

They grew into full-grown, life-sized no, that's too silly. Then again, so is everything else about this story.

So this rock is suing for divorce, demanding the family boulder and custody of the pebbles. Come on, this is ridiculous. It's almost the end of the page, so I'll try again another day. Thanks for reading this.

A NICE LITTLE STORY by John Lyle

love (luv) n. [ME. love, luve; AS. lufu; akin to OHG. luba -, more remotely, G. Liebe; IE. base \*leubh-, to be fond of; cf. LIBIDO, LIBIDINCUS, LIEF, LIST], 1. a strong affection for or attachment or devotion to a person or persons. 2. a strong liking for or interest in something; as, her love of acting. 3. a strong, usually passionate, affection for a person of the opposite sex. 4. the person who is the object of such an affection; sweetheart; lover. 5. sexual passion or its gratification. 6. [L-], a) Cupid, or Eros, as the god of love. b) [Rare], Venus. 7. [phr. play for love, i.e., play for nothing], in tennis, a score of zero. 8. in theology, a) God's benevolent concern for mankind. b) man's devout attachment to God. c) the feeling of benevolence and brotherhood that people should have for each other. v.t. [LOVED (luvd), LOVING], 1. to feel love for. 2. to show love for by embracing, fondling, kissing, etc. 3. to delight in; take pleasure in; as, she loves good music, v.i. to feel the emotion of love; be in love.

- from Webster's New World Dictionary, College Edition

love n. that condition in which the happiness of another person is essential to your own.

- from Robert Heinlein

I knew the first time I read her that it was love. It could be nothing else. Her stories had moved me as no story had ever moved me before. Anyone who could write like that is certainly capable of understanding me.

I have never seen her. I don't know what she looks like. I don't know what she sounds like. I don't know how old she is. I don't know anything about her. I don't know if she is married, a virgin, a mother of twelve, gay or straight, or even if she voted MCM.

It doesn't matter. I know she wrote those stories, and I read them. That's all I need to know to love her. How can I not love someone who wrote those stories? Stories about people, filled with understanding about people. Understanding that she cannot possibly have gained through personal experience. How could she? She couldn't have.

To write those stories, she must possess a unique gift. A gift of being able to understand people and their emotions without sharing their experiences. A gift that will enable her to under-

stand me. A gift that she will never share with me.

I will never meet her. I will never see her. I will never know what she looks like. I will never know what she sounds like. I will never know how old she is. I will never know anything about her. I will never know if she is married, a virgin, a mother of twelve, gay or straight, or even if she voted MCM. I will never meet her.

I will never press my lips against hers. I must be content to know that she is. To know that she is, and that when she isn't, her stories still will be.

We will never be as Marcel and Rosanita. We will never share the second pew. I will never awaken as a cockroach. I will never play the flute. I will never buy happy-pills. I will never meet Dana. Or Lyanne.

She will never read this tribute to her. She will never know that I love her. Or even that I exist. She will never be an owl. I am not stoned.

and Harshaw

A true love story always has a tragic side to it. This is such a story. The tragedy is that we will never share our love. The tragedy is that I will grow old, and eventually die, without ever knowing her. The tragedy is that she will never love me.

The most beautiful love stories are of unrequited love. If that is true, this is an even more beautiful love story. It is a story of unacknowledged love. Of unexplainable love. Of ridiculous love. It is a ridiculous story.

It is not even a story at all. It is merely the musings of an author at his desk. There is no plot, no theme, no character. There is no moral. There is no happy ending. There is no story.

There is only something for people to read while they sit on the metro.

Tomorrow I shall take a pot of coffee, a carton of smokes and lock myself to the typewriter. Literature awaits.

SPAIN (AN ALLEGORY) by A.E. Farmer and John Lyle

I have wanted to go to Spain for quite some time now. About eight months I think. At first, I wasn't sure, but in January, I made up my mind. I want to go to Spain.

The problem is, I don't know how to get there, Sure, you book a flight and pack your bag, but that's not what I mean (nor is Spain). I don't want to go to Spain as a tourist, a casual observer. I want to go to Spain as an intimate of the country. I want to be a part of Spain.

I don't know how to go about that. Do I just go to the tourist office and say, I want to be a part of Spain? Even if I thought that would work, I don't have the guts. I could try to subtly impress upon them my desire to get to know Spain, but I would be afraid of being either too subtle, in which case they wouldn't know what I mean, or too obvious, which might be embarrassing. Especially if they didn't want me.

So I am caught in a dilemma. I desperately want to go to Spain, but I want to be sure that they will accept me before I say anything. As long as I can't be sure, I can't say anything, but as long as I don't say anything, I'll never be sure. I don't know what to do, so I won't do anything.

Maybe someone from the Spanish tourism office will read this. If they do, and they sympathize with my feelings, I hope they will get in touch with me. Not too soon, though, as I'm still in Italy. As soon as I leave Italy, I want to go to Spain.

If the Spanish tourism people feel I'm not worthy to be a part of their great nation, I hope they will not say anything if ever I run into one of them.

In writing this piece, I have made my move. The next one is theirs.

I have wanted to go to Spain for quite some time now. As soon as I leave Italy. Don't get me wrong; Italy is a wonderful place and I'm thoroughly enjoying my stay there. But I know I can't stay there forever, and when I leave, I want to go somewhere else. Spain.

(CLUE: Capital Records SO-11948, Side 1, Track 5)



MONTREAL LIMERICKS by Rhysling

There was a young man from Duluth  
Who said, "Bars on my street are uncouth,  
With Lamarre I'll get even  
By voting out Stevens,  
And getting rid of the pub on my roof."

There was a young man from Park Ex  
Who said, "Here's a good place to sell sex."  
But the locals objected  
To the scum they suspected  
Would hang out spreading herpes simplex.

There was an old drunk from the MAG  
Who said, "Mickey's a commie in drag."  
He won't say "I was wrong,"  
So the case still drags on.  
As he drinks from a brown paper bag..

1986

There was a big man named Lamarre  
Who was sure in this town he'd go far.  
"One day I'll be mayor,"  
By that pledge he did swear.  
But he lost; that's too bad for Lamarre.

Nick be silly, Nick be drunk,  
Nick your speeches on Council stunk.  
So Nick don't be shocked when you lose your own seat,  
And your whole stinking party goes down to defeat.

SPEECHES IN MY HEAD by Rhysling

I make speeches in my head  
To audiences that will never hear them.

I talk of politics  
To crowds of people.

I talk of business  
To great corporations  
And their executives.

I talks of the economy  
To governments  
And heads of state  
And Karl Marx.

I talk of feelings,  
Mostly mine,  
To friends and loved ones  
And would-be loved ones.

I talk of people,  
Of life and music,  
To the Living and the Dead.

I have made speeches  
Worthy of the listener  
To Kennedy and Lennon  
And my grandfather.

I make speeches in my head,  
Which you may think is crazy,  
But you've never heard those speeches.  
Nor has anyone.

Some of the best speeches ever heard  
Though never heard,  
Are speeches in my head.

APRIL 19 by Rhysling

Nine years  
Today.  
And I wonder,  
How things would have been different  
If things had been different.

But they weren't  
And they will never be,  
For that's the way it was.  
And that's the way it always has been  
And always will be.

That's what was meant to be  
For then, for now, and forever.

(NOT) A LOVE STORY: A THING ABOUT MONOGAMY by Harshaw

The monogamy of things is really getting me down. I mean it's so boring. Seeking to find a way out of this monogamous boredom, I wondered why we insist on this silly old system of one man, one woman (or one man, one man, etc.).

There is really no historical basis. Most ancient civilizations were contented polygamists. The ancient Hebrews could have as many wives as goats (or coats), and even if they didn't, it was perfectly okay to sleep with the maid.

In some parts of the world, notably parts of the middle east, polygamy is still very much in style. A man can have a wife for each of his oil wells.

So why do we North Americans insist on monogamy? The fact of the matter is, we don't. North Americans are no strangers to extra-marital affairs, effectively negating the claim to monogamy. So, if we're going to practice bigamy (or polygamy) anyways, why not institutionalize it? Besides, there are more females than males in North America, ensuring a constant supply of old maids as long as we cling to our monogamous system.

Of course, if we established bigamy, some men would get two wives and some wouldn't, as the ratio of females to males is not two to one. It also wouldn't be fair to women, who would get only one husband or half a husband, but never two.

What is needed is a system where any number of consenting adults of either sex can enter a marriage, as long as everybody is happy.

Consider the current system. Mr. and Mrs. X love each other dearly, but Mr. X travels a lot and they both get lonely. Mr. X is having an affair with a woman in each of two cities he travels to frequently. Mrs. X has a lover to keep her company while Mr. X is away. He is also married, as are Mr. X's two mistresses.

Mr. X's girlfriends' husbands travel often, and are each having an affair with Mrs. X's lover's wife, who gets lonely when he's with Mrs. X, who gets lonely when Mr. X is somewhere else with one of his two other women, who get lonely when their husbands are with Mrs. X's lover's wife, etc, etc. It is also possible (although nobody will admit it) that Mrs. X is having affairs with Mr. X's girlfriends' husbands, who might be having

affairs with Mrs. X's lover, if they're bisexual.

We now have eight people, four marriages, and 24 possible affairs. Throw in the mailman, his wife, her lover and his wife, and a few secretaries with their husbands, and the whole thing gets harder to figure out than a Rubik's Cube.

Let's leave out the nailman, etc, for now, and go back to our original eight people (otherwise this will get too complicated), who get together at a party. They're all having affairs with each other, but nobody's supposed to know. Everybody suspects, that somebody is having an affair with somebody, but it could be anybody, and nobody says anything. (Huh?) They're all scared to death that they might let on. A very sad scene.

Enter the S-Group. Introduced in Robert Heinlein's book Friday, the S-Group is a multi-marriage with any number of males and/or females and/or anything we don't know about yet. This is not an ordained orgy -- merely an acknowledgement that in our transcontinental-breakfast world, monogamy is passé. While it is possible, the S-Group is not necessarily a license for group sex; in Friday's case, the members take turns having sex with each other, with a two-to-a-bed maximum.

Think how happy Mr. and Mrs. X, et. al., would be as an S-Group. They all love each other, but must hide their feelings because of the monogamy of things. As an S-Group, they would be able to be honest with each other.

They would all live happily ever after, and would probably never have to pay the paper boy.

I realize that the S-Group is a long way off in North America. In fact, I sincerely hope that it does not become a reality in my lifetime. I think I'm getting used to the monogamy of things.

## ONE MORE THING by Harshaw

If one were to assume that monogamous marriages will be with us for some time, that would not necessarily make it so. However, if many were to assume such, then it would probably be very likely. It is upon the latter that this suggestion is based.

Assuming that monogamy will remain, at issue is how to improve that monogamy. And, once having done so, how to make it last. Specifically, how to reduce the divorce rate, which is the greatest threat to that monogamous institution known as marriage.

To say that the divorce rate is high is to read statistics. There are more divorces than marriages. People are getting married just so they can get divorced. I haven't seen these statistics myself, but I know. Trust me.

According to a book I have (You and the Law, CAA members edition, if you must know), "marriage is... a mutual contract, freely entered into by equal partners." The same book also says, "If things should happen to go wrong, the couple will find that what was so easily entered into can be very difficult to get out of." There lies the problem.

As a legal contract, marriage involves two people each willing to enter the contract. In fact, if it is later discovered that one of the partners was coerced into entering the contract (as in the case of shotgun weddings), the contract is ruled invalid, or the marriage annulled (p. 253). If there is nothing to make the contract invalid, however, the only way out as long as both partners are alive is to break the contract, by getting a divorce.

Divorce can be a costly event, both during and after. Ask my father. It also can be a very traumatic event, and often leaves emotional scars that don't go away. Many people feel it is to be avoided at no cost (rather than sought for at all costs), and thus remain in a marriage that has ended in every sense except a legal one. Others, realizing that divorce is inevitable, simply don't want to be the one to bring it up.

Divorce is not a good thing. It is, however, the only way out of a contract that people might want to break. Why is that? Don't most contracts give its signatories a way out? Don't a lot of them expire after a set period of time? Yes to both of these latter questions. Not so with marriage.

In theory, marriage is a contract that will remain in force as long as both partners are alive. In practice, the contract is often painfully broken.

It seems to me, things would be a whole lot better if it was easier to get out of the contract. One way of achieving this end would be to make marriage like most contracts; for a set period of time.

When I signed my lease, I signed a one-year contract. That contract could be renewed each year forever, but I still have the option of not renewing it every year. If I tell my landlord that I do not intend to renew my lease next year, I am not breached a contract. I am merely exercising one of my rights under the lease; that of non-renewal. If I were to get married, I would not have that same right.

Imagine a different type of marriage contract than that which we are accustomed to. Couples would get married under a five-year marriage contract, with the option to renew. If either or both of the partners felt after the first five years (or any subsequent five-year period) that the marriage was not working, they would simply exercise their right of non-renewal. ("Dear John, I wish to inform you that I do not wish to renew our marriage for an additional five-year period.") No court case, no hard feelings, no lawyers' fees.

Another feature could be temporary renewal. Let's say the marriage was up for renewal, but things are not going well for the couple. They're afraid to sign up for another five years, but they think there might still be a chance of making it work, so they don't want to "non-renew". They could renew for a one-year period, after which they would decide whether to go another five years.

The advantages to this system are numerous. By merely not renewing, a married person is spared the agony of suing for divorce. Another feature would be that the contract can be cancelled at any time by mutual consent of the two partners. One of the most ridiculous things about the current system is that even when both the husband and wife agree to a divorce, it still has to go through the whole legal process, lawyers' fees and all. I think our marriage laws must have been written by lawyers.

If one partner wishes to end the contract before its term is up but the other doesn't, he/she can offer to "buy out" the rest of the contract, for cash, property, or future payments.

The divorce rate (going to court to end the contract if the two cannot agree on a settlement) will drop, as many people will simply decide to stick it out for the rest of the five years rather than go through a costly legal battle. When the contract expires, they simply will not renew.

There are many other possibilities, which can be looked into if my proposal is ever taken seriously, which I doubt.

The bottom line is that, apart from the greater ease with which a marriage can be ended, things will be pretty much the same as they are now.

The net effect of this proposal will be to reduce the necessity to pay exorbitant amounts of money to lawyers, who are the real threat to any decent society. I don't know about you, but I am sick of these people who think that just because they graduated from McGill, they have the right to take our money to settle things that we have already agreed upon. Even if you don't like the idea of renewable five-year marriages, you should support it for the simple reason that it will put a lot of lawyers out of work. Let those three-piece-suit-dry-martini-upper-class-twits find out what it's like to be on the dole.

I'm sure, however, that self-interest will motivate the legal profession (it's the only thing that does) to fight the implementation of my brilliant idea. They'll probably have it declared unconstitutional or some such nonsense, so it will probably be a while before you hear, "Will you enter into a five-year-renewable mutually-terminable marital contract with me?"

## HARSHAW ON HARSHAW by Harshaw

Who is Harshaw? Harshaw is two people. And really nobody at all. Harshaw was the name of a character in a book I read. Harshaw is also one of my pen names. So Harshaw is two people. But, since one is a character in a book and the other a pseudonym, Harshaw is really nobody at all.

I said "one of my pen names." Are there more? Yes. I also use A.E. Farmer, John Lyle, and Waldo. And more, as soon as I can think of some.

Why use pen names? And why use more than one? Because a voice from the sky told me I better have my life insurance paid up if I don't. Really, that first question is a stupid one. Maybe I just don't want anybody to know that I'm the author of the things I write. Considering the stuff I write, that makes sense. Maybe I like to be in the company of Lewis Carroll, George Orwell, etc. I use different pen names because I write different things. An author can have only one style. A good author's style is his trademark. One doesn't have to read the name on the cover to know when it's Hemmingway. If I use different styles, each must have its own name. Otherwise, I will never have a clearly recognizable style, like Hemmingway.

So why admit that the others are really Harshaw? If people know that it's all the same author, doesn't that defeat the purpose of using different names? No, because it's not all the same author. The same person, but not the same author. When I write, I'm either Harshaw or one of the others, but only one at a time.

Why give Harshaw more prominence? Because he gives the interviews. Because he's the boss. Because he's better looking. To understand the relationship between Harshaw and the others, think of The Bay. The Bay owns Simpson's and Zeller's, but they all operate independently. It's really the same company competing against itself, but the different names use different marketing strategies, to get a bigger market share. Harshaw's the most important because he's The Bay. The others are in the same business, but they operate differently. It's all relative.

But who owns The Bay? Ken Thompson, Lord of Fleet, I think.



I meant, who is Harshaw? Why didn't I say so? If I don't know, who does? (Interviewing oneself has its drawbacks,) Harshaw is Harshaw. It's not important whose face is in front of the typewriter when I write. It's Harshaw doing the thinking. Or A.E. Farmer, Waldo, John Lyle, or somebody else. But never me. I'm just the hand that types the letters. It really isn't important who Harshaw really is, but it matters who Harshaw isn't.

Who's that? Anybody who is asked whether he/she is Harshaw, including me. If somebody else were asked, they would have to say "no" because they're not Harshaw. If I were asked, I would say "no" because I don't want to say "yes", and nobody will know I am lying. If everybody were asked, they would all say "no" because only I could say "yes" and I would lie. So everybody would know that somebody is lying, but it could be anybody and nobody will admit it. Certainly not me.

What are the different styles of Harshaw, A.E. Farmer, Waldo, and John Lyle? And where did the names come from? John Lyle was an incurable romantic in a book I read about religious dictatorship. So he writes hopelessly romantic stuff. Waldo is a name from the cover of a book I didn't read. I needed a name for fiction, and that's the first name I saw. A.E. Farmer is a name I made up, although it is my real name after a fashion. It's actually a different way of saying my own name, so he writes stuff like that -- saying things in different ways. I think that's called allegory. His stuff is real serious. Harshaw is a social reformer, but he's also a clown. He writes about silly ways to change society. Under no circumstances should Harshaw ever be taken seriously.

Why am I interviewing myself? Because if somebody else did, they would know my secret identity. Because this way, if I don't like the questions, I don't have to refuse to answer them. I just don't ask them. Because I'm bored.

Do I have any final comments? Yeah. It's getting near the end of the page and this really isn't worth three pieces of paper, so I'll end with a quote. "I have no critics, only fans who haven't read my works properly."

Who said that? I did.

Some famous and not so famous quotes from the Professors at the SCPA

by Donna Moore

### ECONOMICS

- Feb. 2/84 "How much taxes will you pay to avoid a depression, is the same as saying, how much will you pay me not to break your arm!"
- Feb 4/84 "it depends upon if it's a little tinker or a big tinker!"

### SOCIOLOGY

- Sept. 12/83 "Dirty old men break customs too"
- Jan. 30/84 "not totally shafted but slowly assimilated"
- March 5/84 "We're pretty fucking far from Providence Rhode Island"
- March 14/84 "Senile that I am I wouldn't remember even if I did!"
- March 14/84 "To bring shame on the family you say 'fuck the family, I don't give a shit!"
- March 26/84 "Je ne veux pas imposer mon incohérence aux étudiants..."
- March 26/84 "Jesus has been around for 2000years, and he saves...he must have a lot of money in the bank!"
- April 2/84 "Socrates était gai...malheureusement marié..."
- April 2/84 "An Al Italia pilot probably speaks Italian as he is crashing down, as one should die in one's own language."

### POLITICAL SCIENCE

- Dec. 1/83 "It's in the book, so I'll repeat it."
- "Women tend to back the status quo and the government."

### HISTORY (Graeme Decarie of course)

- March 5/84 "Women came into use as a part of the war."
- "Jesus Christ, I've never seen so many questions- what is it woman?"
- "Frankly, I think Pierre Bourgeault is a horse's ass!"
- "Sit down, woman!"
- "Playboy is not a magazine about sex. It is simply telling young working men what possessions they should have, clothes, stereos, women, cars, and teaching them what type of woman would look good on their arm."
- March 12/84 "So God came down to Job's friends and said:" Look you schmucks!"
- March 26/84 "Can I have my \$10 please...usually I charge women more!!"

# The SCPA's 1984 Graduating Class

(everything you've always wanted to know about the SCPA grads  
but were afraid to ask...)

This special section of the Forum consists of short biographical notes on each of the SCPA's potential Spring and Fall graduating students.\* The students were asked what they thought of their university experience, and what their plans for the future are.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish every graduate lots of luck for the future. We've been through many memorable experiences together, and although we are all leaving for "bigger and better things", we have learned invaluable skills within the SCPA to prepare us for what lies ahead.

C.D.

\*John Relton and Greg Zador were unavailable for comment.

## DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others you will become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Anon

PINA BARBAGLI

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Pina has found her third year at Concordia to be her most fruitful one. Within the Political Science department, she has found Dr. Habib to be the professor with whom she has learned the most. She has not, however, been impressed with the academic advising she has received from some professors in the department, and believes that they should take more time to advise students on proper course selection.

Pina came to Concordia because of the School, and has found the small group setting to be an ideal place in which to get to know people. Her greatest learning experience has come from her internship, which she completed last summer. She finds that the SCPA core courses, however, should have more of a community and public affairs orientation. She would like to see one or two communication courses introduced and a research methods course in sociology replacing the introductory sociology course. She considers Hubert Guindon to be the best professor she has had in the School, and is grateful for the help he has given her.

In the fall, Pina intends to pursue studies at the graduate level in criminology at l'Université de Montréal. She would like to eventually work as a criminologist in the public sector.

LYNDA BOISSONNEAULT

M JOR: GERMAN

PENDING GRADUATION: FALL 1984

Lynda has been very satisfied with the German program at Concordia. her only criticism is that the program stressed writing skills to a much greater degree than it did verbal expression in German.

Lynda sees involvement within the SCPA to be important, but finds it difficult to incorporate this within her course load. She believes it is important for students to become involved during their first year, as they will probably find themselves with less time to spare in their second and third years. She has enjoyed the SCPA core courses, and sees her studies in German and the SCPA to be an excellent blend.

Lynda would like to work in a public field, particularly in the international scene. She is proficient in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, and would like to make use of her language skills in the job market.

FRANK BRADLEY

HONOURS: POLITICAL SCIENCE

PENDING GRADUATION: FALL 1984

Frank has been satisfied with the Political Science program at Concordia, but has not been satisfied with all the professors. He describes the program as being far from great, but he says that Professors Poirier, Habib, Williams and Chorney have been outstanding.

Frank will be doing his internship this summer at Gulf Canada

in Toronto, in a public affairs marketing research project. Although he says that the background in public affairs that he has received through the SCPA is by no means complete, that the 301 and 401 modular seminars, as well as the 490 course (taught this year by Dr. Louis Vagianos) gave him an excellent overview of the field of public affairs.

Frank would like to see himself in a public affairs position within a few years, preferably in the oil industry. He eventually hopes to obtain a degree from the London School of Economics in business studies. Possible future plans include active politics, becoming an enlightened slum lord, or receiving welfare.

ANTONELLA CAVALLIN

SPECIALIZATION: CANADIAN STUDIES

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Antonella has found that the interdisciplinary nature of the Canadian Studies program has provided her with an invaluable learning experience. She has been satisfied with the courses in the School, and has particularly enjoyed the SCPA 401 seminar with Hubert Guindon. She has learned a great deal through her internship experience last summer at the Canadian Society for the Study of Higher Education, an experience which she says has given her insights on the administration of a learned society.

Antonella will possibly pursue studies in industrial relations at the undergraduate level or pursue studies in law. She would like to eventually get a job which requires travelling, and mentions the foreign service as a particular area of interest.

CARMELA DE LISI

MAJOR: APPLIED SOCIAL SCIENCE

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Carmela has enjoyed the courses in the ApSS program, especially those in the areas of community and group development. She has immensely enjoyed being a member of the SCPA, because of the close contact with other students that it has provided her with.

Carmela has been actively involved with various community projects in Montreal over the past years, and plans to pursue a career in social work. She is currently enrolled in the Special B.S.W. (one year) program at McGill University and plans to pursue studies in social work at the graduate level next year.

Carmela would like to work with people either in the areas of crisis intervention or community organization.

MICHAEL DI GRAPPA

HONOURS: POLITICAL SCIENCE

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Michael has been disappointed with the Political Science program in terms of course offerings and the quality of some of the professors. The academic standards of the department were also not as high as he had expected them to be. Although Michael says that he has not gained much from many of the courses he has taken, he does point out that Professors Poirier, Moore, and Habib have taught excellent courses.

Michael has found university life to be very enjoyable.



He describes his experience through involvement in CUSA to have been invaluable.

Michael has never regretted his decision to join the SCPA. He has enjoyed the interaction between professors and students and the security blanket which it provided during the first few months of university life. He has gained tremendously from the SCPA core courses and in particular, the 490 and 491 seminars, which he has found to be the most informative courses offered within the School.

Michael sees himself in school for five more years (not necessarily five consecutive years) and hopes to obtain two more degrees during this time period.

Michael would like to eventually work in the civil service. He can see himself in a mediating position between the government and business sectors, and in this sense, can see himself in a public affairs role.

ANNA NEWBERRY

HONOURS: URBAN STUDIES

PENDING GRADUATION: FALL 1984

Anna has enjoyed both the courses she has taken in the Urban Studies department as well as those in the SCPA. She has been particularly interested in the 301 modular seminar and in Canadian history.

Anna recalls being very active in the School during her first year in university, but has found it difficult to participate since she has begun doing volunteer work and taking courses full time.

Anna is looking for a job, and still intends to pursue her studies part time in the evenings. She would like to work in housing projects, co-ops, or low income housing.

MICHAEL O'GRADY

HONOURS: HISTORY

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Michael has enjoyed the courses he has followed both within the History department and the SCPA. He considers his undergraduate experience to have been a challenging one, but has also realized that his studies have not led him to the career path he wants to follow. He believes that there is a lot to be learned in the classroom and in books, but that these offer no interaction with the world. His university experience, then, although rewarding, has also showed him what his needs really are.

Michael's aspiration is to study music. He has been playing the guitar for the past eight years, and his ideal would be to play with a band and make a decent living.

SANDRA PEPIN

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Sandra has found the Economics department to be very good and the professors to be very competent. She has enjoyed her experience at the SCPA, because it has given her a sense of what politics is about through the very structure of the School. She considers this type of education to be an excellent stepping stone for those who intend to pursue careers in politics.

The School has also given Sandra the opportunity to meet many interesting people, and to learn and experience a great deal. She admits, however, that to a certain extent, politics within the School may have been pushed a little too far.

Through her internship experience, she has learned what public affairs in a corporation is. She would like to see the internship program extended. One of the problems which she has found with the internship program as a whole is that because the nature of the internships has been so diversified, that there is no overall, consistent expectation which can be made for each student. She believes that an attempt should be made to "equalize" the internships to a certain degree.

Sandra intends to pursue graduate studies in the fall. Her options include pursuing a Masters in Gestion Internationale at the H.E.C. or pursuing studies in law. She would like to work in the financial sector of the economy in the international scene.

ADELE PICCIOLI

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

PENDING GRADUATION: FALL 1984

Adele considers very few professors in the Political Science department to be outstanding. With the exception of Dr. Habib, who she considers to be the best professor in the department, she rates the whole program (teachers and courses) to be unsatisfactory. Adele says that she had plans to concentrate in international politics, but says that she has been discouraged because of the calibre of some of the professors teaching these courses.

Adele considers the SCPA to be great for those who are involved with the activities. She sees the School as a place where students are given numerous opportunities to involve themselves, and to learn a great deal.

Adele would like to find a job in public relations, and does not not know what the future holds in store for her. As she put it herself, only experience will tell.

CAROLE ROBERGE

SPECIALIZATION: SOCIOLOGY

PENDING GRADUATION: FALL 1984

Carole has enjoyed her studies within the Sociology department, and the opportunity to closely interact with other students in the department. She has been impressed with the sociology teaching staff, and in particular, Professors Guindon, Tresierra, and Jackson.

Since Carole is doing a specialization, she has found the combined sociology and SCPA course load to be quite heavy. She rates the SCPA as a good school but sees it as being too structured, a drawback which she says must tend to turn students away. She recalls that when she entered the School, she was expected to participate fully within the curriculum. She saw that the SCPA was placing a greater value on its own curriculum as opposed to the particular areas of study of the students. The School, in her view, emphasized participation regardless of a students's work load outside this setting. She also mentions that the core courses within the School are more demanding than the same courses offered outside the School.

Carole will be looking for a job in the public or private sectors. In the latter, she would hope to touch on industrial relations. She also plans to pursue studies in criminology at the graduate level sometime in the future. Carole would like a job which involves much contact with people.

LYNE ST-JACQUES

HONOURS: HISTORY

PENDING GRADUATION: SPRING 1984

Lyne has been very satisfied with the teaching staff in the History department. She has found Charles Bertrand, the chairman of the department, to be very human and approachable. Although she has found most of the professors to be very good, she has been particularly impressed with Professors Bertrand, Bindon and Mason.

Lyne sees the past three years at the School as a "unique experience." As Bill Gilsdorf's assistant with the SCPA 301 this year, she has learned a lot about public affairs and dealing with people. She enjoyed working with Bill and the first year students.

In the fall, Lyne plans to pursue graduate studies in History at Queens University. According to Lyne, the courses she has followed in the History department combined with the SCPA courses should provide her with a good background for pursuing her studies.

For the far future, Lyne plans on pursuing doctoral studies in History and to become an historian and be involved in research. Her ideal would be to live on a Greek island in search of past civilizations.



